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FROEBEL.

1782—1852

CENTRE OF VISION

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The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

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Motto

"Nature is a revelation of God. Art is a revelation of man. Art means power; it is the power of man's soul working outward. Art pre-exists in nature, and nature is reproduced in art. What we call miracles of art are not so to those who create them. They are natural and easy to them."

— Longfellow

"A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life." — *Goethe.*

Impressionism

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

What an exquisite impression Wordsworth gives us of the daffodils! How beautifully broad and true were his perceptive powers, and what joy he must have taken in looking on such a magnificent sight!

Is there any reason why we cannot learn to take as much pleasure in witnessing similar effects? Certainly not, if we will try to see with an unprejudiced vision, which necessitates our having but one focus, and not dozens of focuses, as we get in the print or photograph produced by the camera. The Creator has been kind enough to give us a vision with but one focus, so that we may eliminate things which are not beautiful, and by so doing understand the guide-posts which He has placed for us along the way.

It requires but little to verify the fact that our eyes have but one focus. I would suggest, for example, that you try looking at the feathers on a lady's hat, at the same time keeping the lady in sight. It is an impossibility: you would need two focuses, one for the lady and the other for the feathers.

Still, how many discontented souls there are who are not satisfied in seeing the lady only, but foolishly endeavor to see the feathers on her hat, also, and by so doing lose all the beauty, grace, mystery, and suggestion that make art what it is.

We are forever searching for facts, and, like the lens of the camera, make things as we know them to be, instead of as they appear.

To see things as they appear is to see them correctly and beautifully, and this is impressionism.

You say you thought impressionism was the placing of one color

"Flowers are the sweetest things that God made and forgot to put a soul into." — *Beecher.*

beside another, such as oranges, chromes, purples, greens, and such combinations; you have been misled.

Velasquez first opened our eyes to impressionism, but it would be difficult to find any crude colors placed side by side on his canvases. Why is this, then? Every man sees differently, I am happy to say, and the motive and subject which one man chooses are entirely different from those of another.

Claude Monet's impression of a subject is possibly one of brilliancy and sparkle, and he finds by experimenting with his pigments that it is necessary to exaggerate the purity and strength of color to realize this. He therefore forces the cool qualities in the shadows, and, as a result, obtains greater warmth in sunlight—that is his means to an end, and surely the method of handling or technique of a picture is not impressionism, although it is an important factor.

I could name a dozen or more men in this country who give us excellent impressions from time to time, without laying these crude colors side by side.

For example, take Mr. Thompson's recent exhibition at the Art Club, how invigorating and brilliant it was---good impressions every one, even though some might have been carried further. There were not many positive colors on his canvases as compared with Dodge McKnight's method of creating an impression, yet they were delightful in every way, as the many can testify who were fortunate enough to see the exhibition.

Suppose we walk down to the Charles and look across toward the new bridge, or up river to the old bridge—what beautiful impressions we can get from one day to another! Ask yourself if it is necessary to go abroad to appreciate and find what Mr. Thompson has shown us. You say "No." Then why do you not do more of that sort of thing here? Because this is a very modern and extremely "would be" cultivated country as regards some matters pertaining to art, and in all probability we would "get the laugh," or somebody might break the sweet silence after we had finished painting by inquiring "who we were doing it for and what it was."

"Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more."

Is it any wonder, then, that the fear of being unconventional is greater in this country than the fear of death?

To return to our landscape across the river: let us not care whether it is composed of gas houses or boiler shops, but see these things as they appear under the beautiful influence of light and atmophere, using our two eyes with one focus.

You may say it is easy enough to forget about the gas houses being gas houses, under the influence of atmosphere, etc., but I assure you that it is not to everybody

I was standing on a very beautiful section of Connecticut landscape the past summer, overlooking the river at a time when the afternoon sun was bursting forth with a wealth of the dazzling light that makes life so much more interesting and magnificent. The wind had been hushed, and in a calm, not far from shore, was a boat drifting idly along, reflecting its very picturesque sail in the rippling waters. The shadow of the sail was so evidently full of cool violets and lavenders, as contrasted with the pinky orange from the sun, that I was impressed by it to a great extent, and called to a gentleman photographer near by to witness the effect. To my sorrow, he did not see any of the cool violets and lavenders, but declared the sail to be nothing but a "dirty old gray piece of canvas belonging to so and so, and if any color, he would call it black and white."

Let us not take that dismal, gloomy view for ours, but let us study the nature writers and find just what the meaning of life is, if our experience has been limited and our observation not any too keen. Then start out upon our vocation.

If it be art, let us keep in touch with every modern exhibition, cultivate intimacy with young and elderly people who are well advanced in art and music. Be sure to cultivate your love for music, as well. Read much while you are young, and digestion is easy.

Remember to look upon the essential big qualities in whatever you attempt before introducing detail. Under such conditions, we shall all make more progress.

As Couture advises me in his book, so will I pass the excellent advice to you: "Grow, strengthen yourself, cover yourself with leaves and fruit, and give us beautiful shade."

S. B. Baker, '06.

"Music looses a heart that care has bound."

A Thanksgiving Litany

For our health, without which our work would be limited, for our wealth, whatever it is it might be worse, let us be thankful.

For our friends who love us and for our teachers who criticise us, let us be thankful.

For our joys that uplift us, our sorrows that broaden us, and for our struggles that strengthen us, let us be thankful.

For living in this the century of opportunities, for the privileges of our schools, libraries, and museums, let us be thankful.

Besides all these, may we of this school and profession be doubly thankful for our particular gifts—eyes that are being trained to see, senses to feel, and hands to reproduce the beauties of nature.

Health may fail, wealth may take to itself wings, friends may die, and our joys and pleasures may pass away with them. But as long as we can be charmed by the beauty of the after-glow, soothed by the exquisite grays of twilight, and cheered by the merry play of sunshine on water and greensward, we have cause to be thankful.

As long as the rhythm and harmony of fluttering birds and playing children delight us, and as long as we can feel the pathetic truth and beauty of each humble, everyday figure that is around us, we have an inexhaustible supply of pleasure and interest. No one can take it from us, no material change can affect it. If the study of art means anything, it means this. And for this let us be truly grateful.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

To turn a happy face to the world, to greet our friends with a cheerful word, to give a helpful boost to those who need it, and, above all, to be thankful to the Creator of all things good.—these are the true expressions of Thanksgiving.

These are also the everyday duties of every man and woman. Whatever else they can give to help the world, a painting, an invention, a poem, or a library, are special gifts because of special talents. They are no excuse whatever for a man to wear a frown, to criticise his neighbor, or to play the hermit.

Christopher Meddler.

"A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find, creates them."

An Interruption

'Twas up among the hills in the southern part of New Hampshire. It was an ideal August day, warm and hazy; such as delights the artist and stirs his soul to high ideals and great ambitions.

Andrew had spread out his sketching outfit in the grass on a small knoll in a cow pasture, and was about to put the finishing touches on a little scene he was painting. There are two things an artist must have to do good work; one the subject to paint, and the other the inspiration to do it. Now Andrew had both, for before him was the landscape framed in the golden sunlight, and beside him, oh, so near to him, was his inspiration. Helen's black hair was being tossed and blown by the gentle breeze that interrupted art by carrying the stray locks close to Andie's cheeks.

Helen was a dreamer, and sometimes she dreamed out loud, and offered her kindly criticisms as his work progressed. She had been quiet for a long time, making her presence known only by her deep, wellmeant sighs, and naughty curls, when she cried: "Oh, Andy! Don't you expect to be a truly great artist some day and sell your paintings for enormous prices, and have your picture in all the magazines, and when you walk along the street have people stop and look and whisper: 'There goes the great artist, Mr. ———'" "And his wife," Andrew broke in, his brushes falling from his hand and the palette tipping at a most dangerous angle.

"Oh, Helen, dear, if I had you to share such honors then I'd——" But Andy didn't finish just then, for hearing a noise, he turned his head, and saw something alarming appear over a nearby horizon. A certain Mr. Bull, who was promenading not far away, evidently had spied their pink sketching umbrella, and was hurrying to investigate this foreign apparition. Realizing their immediate danger, and knowing that quick action was necessary, Andy helped Helen quickly over the wall, then ran back to recover his precious outfit. He and Mr. Bull arrived near the point of interest at about the same moment, and Mr. Bull suddenly seemed to take more of a fancy for Andrew than he did for the parasol, for he made straight for him. The

"Tomorrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveler never reacheth."

former managed to dodge just in time, and started for the fence, but Mr. Bull was back too soon for him to do that. Andrew dodged a second time, but his assailant stopped just beside him. Helen in the meantime was screaming, and apparently dancing some Egyptian "light-step." Andrew for a brief instant did not know which way to turn, and, seeing no other way out of his difficulty, gave one mighty spring, and landed fairly astride the enraged animal. Mr. Bull tossed his head one instant, then started off at a record-breaking pace.

Andrew had had a little experience with bucking horses, but he soon found himself changing his proud military position, and was leaning over with both arms around the neck of the unusual steed. He fully realized the danger of his exciting ride, but at the same time it struck him as rather ridiculous, for as he flashed past Helen, who was still yelling at the top of her lungs, he imagined that he had covered one lap, and was passing the judges' stand, doing 2:27. Before he had gone two rods more, he was doing 2:20.

Suddenly a new danger appeared before him, for he saw that the now maddened animal was making straight for a muddy little frog pond and he was powerless to change its course. The beast was too blind with fright and rage to see what was ahead of him. When they were within a short distance of the water, however, Mr. Bull seemed to realize what was coming, and suddenly putting all four feet together, stopped as only a frightened animal will when he puts every ounce of his weight into the operation. Alas, poor Andy did not stop quite as suddenly, but continued right along, describing a most graceful curve through the air, ending with a terrible splash in the middle of the muddy pond. He immediately came to the surface and for an instant he and his antagonist eyed each other squarely, when Mr. Bull, seeming to have had enough, turned, and swiftly disappeared over the brow of a neighboring hill.

Helen was Andrew's first thought, and after he had gained his breath and cleaned some of the mud from his once immaculate attire, he hastened to find his "inspiration." She met him half way across the

[Continued on page 41.]

ART NEWS

Edited by Edith M. Shepard

"The interest caused by the present exhibition of early American silver in the Museum of Fine Arts, which will continue until next month, has resulted in the publication of a handsome memorial volume ('American Silver: The Work of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Silversmiths, exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts, June to November, 1906'), which has just been issued. It was prepared by R. T. H. Halsey of New York."

Mr. Halsey states in the introduction that this loan exhibition of 332 pieces of silver stamped with the marks of ninety American silversmiths of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is the finest exhibition of early plate, American or European, yet held in this country. Many of the pieces are treasured heirlooms belonging to the descendants of the original owners. The silver is of the period when the ancient geometrical shapes held sway among craftsmen; when purity of form, sense of proportion, and perfection of line were preferred to elaborateness of design; when dignity and solidity were considered superior to bulk, and when the beautiful white metal was allowed to take its colors from its surroundings rather than be made a medium for the display of skill by workers in metal.

"It is gratifying to find in an authoritative English art publication—the Burlington Magazine for Connoisseurs (for October)—a reviewer's paragraph giving unstinted praise to the handbook of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The editor declares that 'a better example of a museum handbook could hardly be imagined by the most exacting mind.' Its price, its size, its use of illustrations, with brief comments upon them, are all approved; as for the contents of the museum itself, the English editor remarks that there is no ground, with such collections in America

"It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties that make men."

of Egyptian and Greek art, and such paintings both by old masters and modern, for the complaint of the difficulty of serious study in America of art and art history. 'The Oriental collection,' says this reviewer, 'is without any rival in Europe, and some of its treasures, such as the great screen by Korin, compel admiration even when represented by an engraving a few inches square.' Above all, the method of the book is admired and commended to the notice of all who have anything to do with the management of museums or art galleries. It was Edward Robinson who introduced here this form of catalogue, that is to say, a catalogue of objects plus the comments of an expert, with interesting historical detail. The illustrations may have been introduced by successors, but the basic plan was surely his. Nothing adds to the value of a good book like a good index, and nothing is more important for a rich collection such as that of our museum than that its riches should be set forth in a way to facilitate their exploration: and we are glad that the policy of the trustees seems to be to maintain and enrich a comprehensive and detailed handbook."

In the Transcript of a few weeks ago there was a witty and brilliant French satire, entitled "Art Criticism Made Easy." The following are a few extracts:—

"Painter. This substantive is not to be rashly employed. Not all versemongers are poets, and not all picture-makers are painters. If an artist takes pains with his drawing and composition, be careful how you speak of him as a painter. If he covers his canvas with only a thin coating of pigment, he certainly isn't a painter. Examples: Leonardo da Vinci was not a painter; Corot was not a painter.

"You mustn't admire a painter who displays skill in his art. You must say scornfully: 'He's a virtuoso. He has a fine touch. He knows his trade.' On the contrary, venerate the ignoramus and praise his exquisite gaucherie. Before ridiculous nudes, all twisted out of shape, and before pictures of fruit that looks like plaster, murmur: 'Here are traces of genius.' If your hearers don't go wild with enthusiasm, and if they refuse to bend the knee to puerilities, simply add: 'The future will decide.' It is always safe to appeal to posterity; it can't talk back."

A course of lectures has been announced to be given at Huntington Chambers Hall on Friday evenings at 8 o'clock.

"God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest."
— *Hollana.*

Friday, November 9, Professor H. Langford Warren, of Harvard University, "What May the Schools Do to Advance the Understanding of Art?"; Friday, November 16, Professor George Santayana, of Harvard University, "Sculpture"; Friday, November 23, W. P. P. Longfellow, trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, "Architecture"; Friday, December 7, John LaFarge, "The Consideration of Painting"; Friday, December 14, John LaFarge, "The Consideration of the Minor Arts"; Friday, December 21, Walter Sargent, agent of the State Board of Education, "Museums of Art and Public Schools." These lectures are open to all who wish to attend. Tickets may be had of the secretary of the committee, M. S. Prichard, Simmons College, Boston, and at Herrick's, Copley square, or at the Museum of Fine Arts. Single admission, seventy-five cents; course ticket, $1.50.

The exhibitions now on are as follows:—

Boston Public Library—Architectural Exhibition.
Museum of Fine Arts—Old Italian Lace.
Museum of Fine Arts—Old Silver.
Doll & Richards's—German Lithographs.
Doll & Richards's—Shawsheen Pottery.
Doll & Richards's—Mr. Dahlquist's Pastels.
Cobb's Galleries—Miss Tilden's Portraits.
Rowlands's Galleries—Boston Paintings.
St. Botolph Club—Mr. Metcalf's Paintings.
Boston Camera Club—Mr. Clark's Photographs.
Leonard's Galleries—Portraits by Copley.

An Interruption

[Continued from page 38.]

fields and fully answered his interrupted question in a manner most satisfactory. The dotted muslin gown, originally so pure and white, was spotted with mud, as together they walked homeward, but the dainty wearer will keep it for aye to remember the artist, the bull, and the way her heart was won on that bright August day. Kip, 1907.

COURTESY OF PHOTO ERA

A STUDY

ALUMNI NOTES

Royal B. Farnum, Editor

"By pious, heroic climbing of your own, not by arguing with your neighbors, wandering to right and left, do you at length reach the sanctuary—that victorious summit, and see with your own eyes."

The Alumni congratulate the staff on the very successful start of the paper. It is most encouraging. The editor writes that it is *our* paper. Good—then let's make it ours. *Write* for it, tell us what you are doing, support it *financially*. It will do you worlds of good to see your name or thoughts come out in print.

Miss Mary L. Cook, '95, is supervisor of drawing at Middleboro, Mass., and a teacher in the Pratt Free School of North Middleboro.

Frederick V. Cann, '04, is the Chicago agent for the firm of Milton & Bradley. He was formerly supervisor at Adams, Mass.

Frank L. Crerie, '05, succeeds Edwin V. Lawrence as teacher of freehand drawing in the Bradley Polytechnic Institute.

Willis B. Anthony, '00, formerly supervisor of drawing at North Adams, Mass., is now at the head of the manual training department of the State Normal School in that city.

Thomas H. Cooper, '97, who graduated from the Public School Class last June, has been elected to the position of supervisor of drawing, Adams, Mass.

Herman A. MacNeil, '86, was the sculptor who modeled the McKinley Memorial unveiled at Columbus, O., on September 14. He was recently elected to the National Academy, having spent years of study in Paris and Rome.

The Art Students' League of Buffalo has added a normal course to its curriculum to meet the increasing demand for teachers in the public schools of the state. Theodore M. Dillaway, '97, supervisor of drawing for the city, is to have charge.

Miss Jessie M. Whallay, '03, is one of the assistants in the art department of the Oneonta Normal School.

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows." — *Franklin.*

Miss Gertrude L. Sweet, '01, is supervising drawing in Walpole and Medfield.

Frank M. Gracey, '06, who married Miss Ruthella L. J. Sprague last July, is assistant in the mechanical drawing department of the State Agricultural School at Lansing, Mich.

Class Notes

'07

Florence I. Bulfinch — James K. Bonnar

Johnson, by popular vote, has been unanimously elected president of the "Lemon Trust." Dodge, brethren, dodge.

Wanted: A technique, one which will neither bark nor bite. Inquire of Kelly.

We should all turn out and help the Freshmen have a good time Thursday, November 22.

How long a criticism did you get? Interesting, aren't they?

Miss Grant: "Someone please tell me how I can see to paint a 'dark' sunset."

Broderick: "Use a dark lantern."

Mr. Bartlett recently congratulated us upon our fine deportment. Let us continue to so arrange our time that our play will not interfere with the serious application necessary to do good work.

Owing to the present crowded condition of the Portrait Class, the following suggestions will be found helpful:—

1. Feel and look as small as possible.
2. Use condensed medium.
3. Have your palettes trimmed. Any specialist will attend to this.
4. Glass arms are especially in good taste.
5. Those having positions up front, when going or coming, please go over or under.
6. Gentlemen will please keep their hair trimmed close.
7. As the air is already supersaturated with "deuced wind," please retire to corridor when spraying canvases.

"No one is a real man after he has lost out all the boy."

Lost! Several edges on the model. Finder will be rewarded on Friday.

The graduates who have returned to continue their course under Mr. DeCamp are welcomed as a source of delight and inspiration.

Members of the Portrait Class will please hand all notes of interest to the class to Bonnar.

Why not have Mr. DeCamp select a few of the best studies each week, these to be hung on one of the studio walls for an indefinite period? It would certainly encourage good work, besides keeping up the spirit of enthusiasm.

"I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work," says Stevenson. Let's fill these Thanksgiving days with this kind of pleasure.

Is it any wonder that Miss C—f—s likened a drawing to a spider, when we consider it was "bug-week" in the Public School Class and we "lady-bugs" were at that time living in a bug-house?

It is noticeable that few pupils of the Public School Class have laid down their "bone" for Mr. Munsell's Color Book.

Student: "Do we have water-color every Wednesday?"

Miss Bailey: "Yes. What-a-color!"

All ye interested in house painting apply to M—— J. Citrine Green!

Chapel in Class D every day at 9 A. M. Join the anti-swear trust!

'08

Polly M. Leavett — Charles R. Mabie

We understand that the underpinning is giving 'way by the piano alcove, where four of the young ladies recently came to their knees so violently as to shake the walls.

"Music hath charms," etc., is illustrated by Flossie at the piano, for the Freshmen flock around her in a body in answer to the martial call of "Our Director."

"Aimlessness spends its time going nowhere and coming back."

I wonder how many of the students realize that there is a lunch room running in opposition to the one in the basement. To be sure, lunch is served only one day in the week, but as everything is free, one can easily lay in a week's supply.

With a student body of 350 or more, it seems to an observer as though more might take their turn at furnishing music for the noon dancing. The same ones play day after day, and though there can be no doubt that we appreciate their efforts, we might show our appreciation occasionally by giving them an opportunity to dance.

It is strange what queer things happen on All Hallow's Eve. A certain party tried to work out a puzzle, which was to get to Park street by means of a South Boston car. The problem has not been solved.

So the students in Mr. Munsell's are learning light and shade with a new shade!

According to a visitor the other day, "the Design room is always so quiet!"

How did the two canvases in Mr. Major's studio get mixed?

Mr. O—ski, whom many will remember in his last appearance in the Jewel scene from "Faust," has gone into other fields of art, though he still retains his interest in apple orchards.

"Stock Phrases. If an artist charms you and his principles prevent your admiring him, say: 'He draws too badly!' That is a reproach the painters are always launching at one another, and it must be admitted they're generally right."

The M. N. A. S. basket ball team is fast becoming a thing of reality among us (?). Probably some time before next spring there will be a "tryout" of the material.

"Not to perform a promise is a folly, a dishonor, and a crime."

Excavations are again revealing to the Art world long-lost treasures. The finding of Jim Brennan certainly startled the '08 members of the school.

'10

Alice H. Stephens A. T. Hibbard

To the Freshmen: It's getting later every day, and we should organize our class. Don't wait too long; we don't want the other classes to get ahead of us.

Come in some time and hear our "close harmony" and our whistling girls; "it's pretty grand!"

There is one young lady here who is a very good shot (with chalk). How would she do for the baseball team?

Said the "Miller" to the "Flye" one day: "They certainly raise 'Kane' in this room."

"Oh, 'tis' so," replied the "Flye"; "something ought to be 'Dun (to) ham' ('em)."

"Alexander" was "Locke" (d) up the other day by the "Marshall."

Mr. H——d: "Where do you live, Miss Whitehouse?"

She replied: "Washington."

Mr. A. to Miss K——l: "Is the shading right on your drawing?"

Miss K——l: "No, it's crowshade (crocheted)."

Teacher (to Mr. P—m—y, speaking of rack number): "Your number is 23." Laughter.

Teacher (interested): "What is that, your age?"

Mr. A. K. C.: "Don't smell of your work."

Student: "I can't, I've got a cold."

The class of 1910 has a promising poet in the person of "Bunny."

Mr. A. K. C. (after reading an article on the development of brain cells): "Any questions?"

Miss ———: "Please tell me where the brain cells are located." Applause.

EDITORIALS

Thanksgiving Day is at hand, and how much there is for which we should be thankful! Many people, while thinking the day is one of jollification and good cheer, are apt to forget the one grand thought underneath—our thankfulness to our Maker and His many blessings to us. We, the members of this school, especially, should be thankful to our dear old state for the great opportunities and privileges it is giving us.

No doubt there are many among us who will be thankful for a holiday that they may get back to their homes for family reunions and home cooking.

The sale of the October number was very encouraging to the staff, but don't let us give the impression that there isn't still a lot more need of support. Each edition brings its individual expense, and in order to meet these expenses we solicit the help of every student. Pay your subscription, and occasionally drop an article in the box at the foot of the stairs.

Elizabeth Wright, of the Design Department, has been awarded the prize for the best cover design to be used by the CENTRE OF VISION throughout this year. We wish to express our gratitude to those who took a kindly interest in the competition. The centrepiece for this month was drawn by Margaret Evans, of the class of 1908.

The frontispiece this month is the second in our series of educational reformers, and is a picture of Friedrich Wilhelm Froebel. As a result of his earnest work, we have the kindergarten of to-day carried on in much the same way that he began it. He maintained that chil-

"Let it be your ambition to do '*good*,' rather than original work, and your work will be more original than if you had striven to make it so."

dren belonged both to the family and to society, and by his plan children were to spend so many hours of the day in well-organized employments of interest to children. These assemblies could not rightly be called schools, and so he invented the name *Kindergarten*, or garden of children—"institutions where human plants were nurtured." The older people in charge were called "children's gardeners."

Owing to the stand taken by the CENTRE OF VISION not to publish any matter that would lead to controversy, we are unable to publish a letter from a Freshman to "A Senior," in answer to a word of "Kindly Advice." But we may say that if the Freshmen have not profited by those few remarks, it is their loss.

The duties of a class editor are very simple. Just hand your notes to the editor the day that all material should be in, take copies on the day of issue from the business manager, and sell as many as possible, especially in your respective classes. Each editor should keep a few copies on hand to supply any who do not buy on the day of issue. The following have been chosen from the different classes:—

1907, Florence I. Bulfinch, James K. Bonnar.
1908, Polly M. Leavett, Charles R. Mabie.
1909, Lillian Holden, Richard J. Herlihy.
1910, Alice H. Stephens, A. T. Hibbard.

Again we overhear the word basket ball from little groups scattered through the corridors and basement. We have tried basket ball in this school before, and finally have decided to call it a failure. Athletics in this school, as a school, will never be successful for the want of time and united spirit. But try it if you want to; each class must learn by its own experience.

There are a great many school magazines which are obliged to consider very carefully the relative cost of the magazine cover with the subject matter of the paper. The editors then feel, no doubt, that their choice is forced in giving the greater attention to the material inside rather than outside the cover.

This is not true, because a good design and an attractive cover does not necessarily cost more nor perhaps as much as a poor one. There must be enough originality and knowledge of design in every school to produce an attractive cover for every magazine that we receive. Yet how many are attractive? Let each editor examine the cover designs of his exchanges and see why certain designs (?) should be used; for their directness. their unity or spotting, or for their originality are they used? The best design may be the simplest.

We wish to congratulate the new editors of the *Cambridge Review* upon the improvements shown in many departments of their paper.

The *Drury Academe* is full of interesting subject matter, but we think that the paper used might be improved.

There is good material in the *Calendar*, which shows careful work on the part of some painstaking individual.

The *Exponent* should get a printer's criticism on the arrangement of some of the subject matter.

We welcome the *Volante*, and praise its general appearance.

We consider the *Sphinx*, from Miss Townsend's School, Newark, N. J., an especially well-managed paper.

There are good qualities in every paper we receive, and if these could be displayed in such a manner as to lend themselves to a good "first impression," an artistic result would be obtained, in spite of many faults. Let us all make the most of our strong points,

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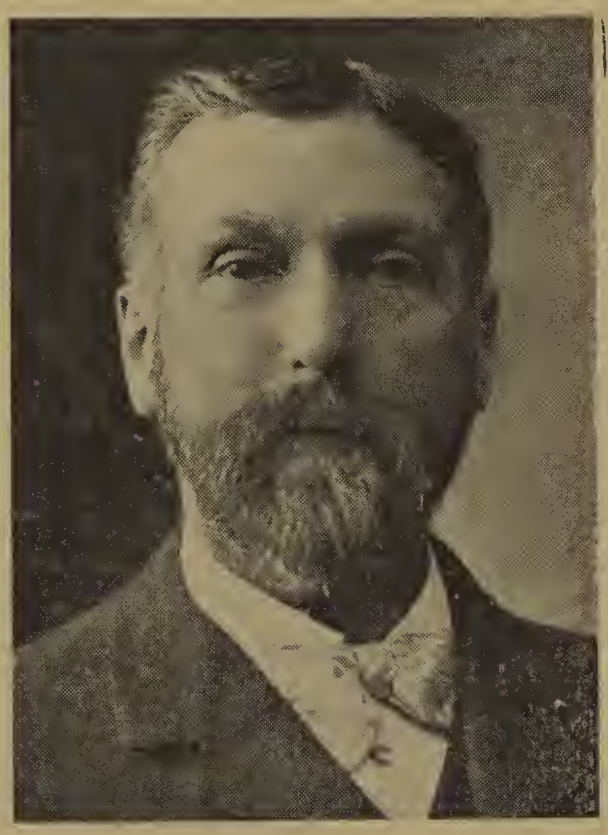

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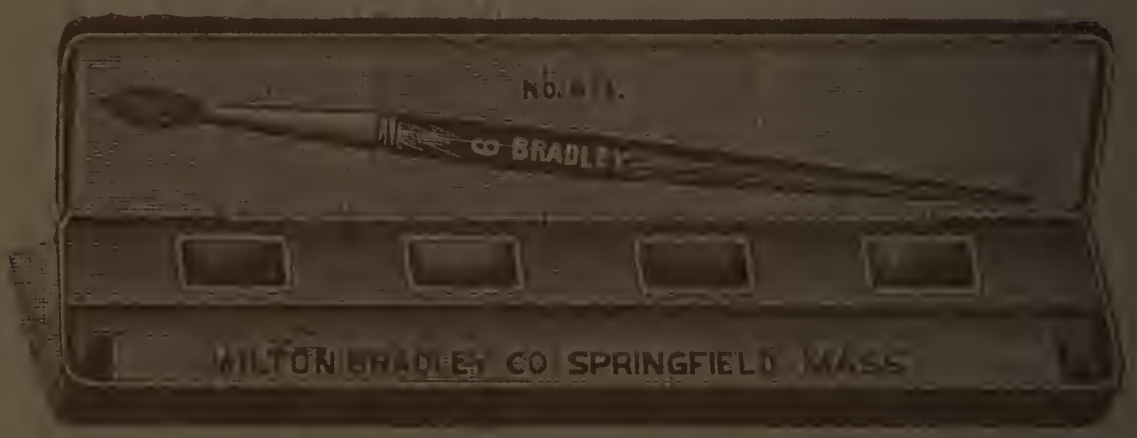

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